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POEMS:

VIZ.

An ODE to LORD BOLINGBROKE.

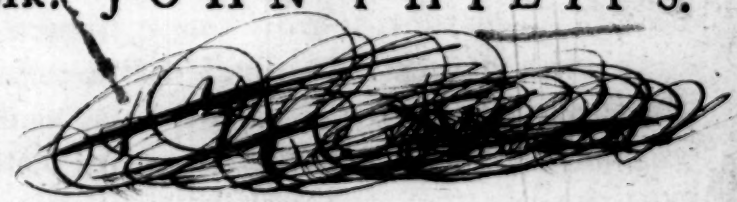
The SPLENDID SHILLING.

BLEINHEIM.

CYDER. In Two Books.

BY

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.



GLASGOW:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LIFE OF Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleaſure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumſtances, which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To ſatisfy this general inclination, and do ſome juſtice to the memory of Mr. PHILIPS, we ſhall give the world a ſhort account of him, and his few, but excellent, compoſitions. Sufficient they were, though few, to his fame, but not to our wiſhes.

He was the ſon of Dr. STEPHEN PHILIPS, archdeacon of Salop, and born at Bampton in Oxfordſhire, December the thirtieth, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in grammar-learning, he was ſent to Wincheſter ſchool, where he made himſelf maſter of the Latin and Greek languages, and was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for a happy imitation of the excellencies which he diſcovered in the beſt claſſical authors.

With this foundation of good learning, and very early promiſes of a farther improvement in all uſeful ſtudies, he was removed to Chriſt-Church in Oxford. From his firſt enterance into that univerſity, he was very much eſteemed for the ſimplicity of his manners, the agreeableneſs of his converſation, and the uncommon delicacy of his genius. All his univerſity exerciſes were received with applauſe; and in that place, ſo famous for good ſenſe, and a true ſpirit, he, in a ſhort time, grew to be ſuperior to moſt of his cotemporaries; where, to have been their equal only, had been a ſufficient praiſe. There it was, that, following the natural bent of his genius, beſide other valuable authors, he became acquainted with Milton, whom he ſtudied with application, and traced him in all his ſucceſsful tranſlations from the antients. There was not an alluſion in his PARADISE LOST, drawn from the

thoughts or expreſſions of Homer or Virgil, which he could not immediately refer to; and, by that, he perceived what a peculiar life and grace, their ſentiments added to Engliſh poetry; how much their images raiſed its ſpirit; and what weight and beauty their words, when tranſlated, gave to its language. Nor was he leſs curious in obſerving the force and elegancy of his mother-tongue, but, by the example of his darling Milton, ſearched backwards into the works of our old Engliſh poets, to furniſh himſelf with proper, ſounding, and ſignificant expreſſions, and prove the due extent, and compaſs of the language. For this purpoſe, he carefully read over Chaucer, and Spenſer; and, afterwards, in his writings, did not ſcruple to revive any words, or phraſes, which he thought deſerved it, with that modeſt liberty, which Horace allows of, either in the coining of new, or reſtoring of ancient expreſſions. Yet though he was a profeſſed admirer of theſe authors, it was not from any view of appearing in public; for ſuch was his modeſty, that he was the only perſon who did not think himſelf qualified for it: he read for his own pleaſure; and writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleaſing others. Nor was he ſo in love with poetry, as to neglect

any other parts of good literature, which either their uſefulneſs, or his own genius, excited him to purſue. He was very well verſed in the whole compaſs of natural philoſophy; and ſeemed, in his ſtudies, as well as his writings, to have made Virgil his pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous wiſh;

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſae,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſes amore,
Accipiant; coelique vias et ſidera monſtrent;
Defectus ſolis varios, lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Objicibus ruptis, rurſuſque in ſe ipſa reſidant:
Quid tantum oceano properent ſe tingere ſoles
Hyberni; vel quae tardis mora noctibus obſtet.

Georg. lib. II.

Give me the ways of wand'ring ſtars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and earth below,
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.

DRYDEN.

Mr. Philips was no leſs paſſionate an admirer of nature; and it is probable, that he drew his own character, in that deſcription which he gives of a philoſophical and retired life, at the latter end of the firſt book of his * Cyder.

——He to his labours hies,
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race.——

And we have good reaſon to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new diſcoveries made, by ſo diligent an enquirer, and ſo faithful a recorder of phyſical operations. However, though death prevented our hopes in that reſpect, yet the admirable paſſages of that kind, which we find in his poem on Cyder, may convince us of the niceneſs of his obſervations in natural cauſes: beſide this, he was particularly ſkilled in all manner of antiquities, eſpecially thoſe of his own country; and part of this too,

* Firſt printed Anno 1708.

he has, with much art and beauty, intermixed with his poetry.

As to his private character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by thoſe who did not; ſomewhat reſerved, and ſilent among ſtrangers, but free, familiar, and eaſy with his friends: the firſt was, the effect of his modeſty; the latter, of his chearful innocence: the one was, the proper caution of a wiſe man; the other, the good-humour of a friend. He was averſe to contentious diſputes; and thought no time ſo ill ſpent, and no wit ſo ill uſed, as that which was employed in ſuch debates. Thus he never contributed to the uneaſineſs of his company, but often to their inſtruction, always to their pleaſure. As on the one hand, he declined all ſtrokes of ſatire; ſo, on the other, he deteſted flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the character of a dull man, than that of a witty, or ſervile one, at the expence of his humanity, or ſincerity. This ſincerity, indeed, was his diſtinguiſhing character; and made him as dear to all good men, as his wit and learning did to all favourers of true ſenſe, and letters.

Upon all theſe accounts, during his ſtay in the univerſity, he was honoured with the acquain-

tance of the beſt and politeſt men in it; many of whom, who now make conſiderable figures, both in the ſtate, and in the republic of learning, would think it no diſgrace to have their names mentioned, as Mr. Philips' friends. And here we muſt not omit that particular friendſhip which he contracted with Mr. Edmund Smith, author of the incomparable tragedy of PHAEDRA and HIPPOLITUS; and who, upon his deceaſe, celebrated his memory in a fine poem; and ſoon after followed him to the grave. Theſe two often communicated their thoughts to each other; and as their ſtudies lay the ſame way, were much to their mutual ſatisfaction, and improvement. For, as the mind takes no greater pleaſure than in a free and unreſerved diſcovery of its own notions, ſo it can reap no greater profit than in the correction it meets with from the judgment of a ſincere friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleaſant as any part of Mr. Philips' life, who had a ſoul capable of reliſhing all the fineſt enjoyments of ſublime, virtuous, and elegant ſpirits. I am ſure Mr. Smith, in his poem to his memory, ſpeaks of it as what moſt affected him, and pathetically complains for the loſs of it.

Whom ſhall I find unbyaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
O! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.

It is to be deplored, indeed, that two great geniuſes, in whoſe power it was to have obliged the world ſo much, ſhould make ſo ſhort a ſtay in it; though had their date been longer, we can hardly ſay, that time would have added any thing but number to their compoſitions. It was their happineſs to give us all their pieces perfect in their kind; the accuracy of their judgment not ſuffering them to publiſh without the greateſt care and correctneſs. For haſty fruits, the common product of every injudicious fancy, ſeldom continue long, never come to maturity, and are, at beſt, food only for debauched and vitiated palates. Theſe men thought, and conſidered before they ſat down to write; and after they had written too, being ever the laſt perſons who were ſatisfied that they had performed well: and even then, perhaps, more in compliment to the opinion of others, than from the conviction of their own judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our author from his univerſity friend to ſome of a higher rank, among

whom he met with an equal applauſe and admiration. The reaſon of his coming to town, was the perſuaſion of ſome great perſons, who engaged him to write upon the battle of Bleinheim *; and, how well their expectations were anſwered, it will be more proper to mention when we ſpeak of his works. It is enough at preſent to obſerve, that this poem brought him into favour and eſteem with † two of the moſt eminent encouragers and patrons of letters that have appeared in our age: the one, famous for his political knowlege and univerſal learning; the other, diſtinguiſhed for the different talents of a refined and polite genius, and an indefatigable application to buſineſs, joined with an exquiſite and ſucceſsful penetration in affairs of the higheſt concern.

However, though he was much reſpected by theſe, and other noble patrons, yet from the modeſt diſtruſt he entertained of himſelf, it was not without ſome pain that he enjoyed their company, and the fear of offending oftentimes made him leſs ſtudious of pleaſing. Such was the humble opinion he conceived of his own good qualities, that it made them leſs conſpicuous to others; as if he was aſhamed that his virtues were greater;

* Anno 1705.

† The late earl of Oxford, and lord Bolingbroke.

he choſe rather to obſcure thoſe which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental light which they deſerved. I ſpeak this only with reſpect to his converſation with his ſuperiors, who, knowing his true worth, were more pleaſed with his endeavours to diſguiſe it, than if he had ſet it off with all the oſtentatious gaiety that men of much wit, but little humility and good-breeding, generally affect. As this decent ſilence did not prejudice the great againſt his wit, ſo neither did his unſolicitous eaſineſs in his fortune at all hinder the marks of their favour and munificence. True it is, that he never praiſed any one with a ſordid view, nor ever ſacrificed his ſincerity to his intereſt, having a ſoul above ennobling the vicious; and as he gave his characters with the ſpirit of a poet, he obſerved at the ſame time the fidelity of an hiſtorian. This, indeed, was a part which diſtinguiſhed him as much from almoſt all other poets, as his manner of writing did; he being one of thoſe few who were equally averſe to flattery and detraction. He never went out of his way for a panegyric, or forced his invention to be ſubſervient to his gratitude; but interwove his characters ſo well with the thread of his poetry, and adapted them ſo juſtly to the merit of the perſons, that they all appear natural, beautiful, and of a piece

with the poem. If it be reckoned difficult to praiſe well, for our author not to err, in ſuch a variety, is much more ſo, and looks like the maſterly hand of a great painter, who can draw all ſorts, of beauties, and at the ſame time that he gives them their proper charms, happily diſtinguiſhes them from each other. In ſhort, to purſue the metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his colours, nothing ſtiff or affected in his manner; and all the lineaments are ſo exact, that an indifferent eye may, at firſt view, diſcover who ſat for the picture.

From this general view of his writings, I ſhall now paſs on to a particular; of which it is to be wiſhed, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following account. I have heard a ſtory of an eminent preacher, who, out of an obſtinate modeſty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one ſermon *, (the beſt, perhaps, that ever paſſed the preſs) to which the public gave the title of Dr. Cradock's Works. The ſame, with much juſtice, might be given to the poetical compoſitions which our excellent author has publiſhed, and which may challenge that name more

* On Providence. Preached before K. Charles II. Feb. 10. 1677-8.

deſervedly, than all the mighty volumes of profuſe and negligent writers.

The firſt of theſe was the SPLENDID SHILLING; a title as new and uncommon for a poem, as his way of adorning it was, and which, in the opinion of one of the beſt and moſt unprejudicial judges of this age, "is the fineſt burleſque poem in the Britiſh "language*". Nor was it only the fineſt of that kind in our tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made uſe of by any author of our own, or other nations; the ſentiments and ſtile being in this both new; whereas in thoſe, the jeſt lies more in alluſions to the thoughts and fables of the ancients, than in the pomp of the expreſſion. The ſame humour is continued through the whole, and not unnaturally diverſified, as moſt poems of that nature have been before. Out of that variety of circumſtances, which his fruitful invention muſt ſuggeſt to him on ſuch a ſubject, he has not choſen any but what are diverting to every reader, and ſome, that none but his inimitable dreſs could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a pleaſure that we could not expect; though, at the ſame time, the ſublimity of the ſtile, and gravity of the phraſe,

* See the Tatler, Numb. 250.

ſeem to chaſtiſe that laughter which they provoke.

In her beſt light the comic muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears *.

This was the firſt piece that made him known to the world; and, though printed from an incorrect copy, gained him an univerſal applauſe; and (as every thing new in its kind does) ſet many imitators to work; yet none ever came up to the humour and happy turn of the original. A genuine edition of it came out ſome years after; for he was not ſo ſolicitous for praiſe, as to haſten even that, which, by the earneſt he received from the public, he might modeſtly aſſure himſelf would be a procurer of it.

The next of his poems was that, intitled BLENHEIM; wherein he ſhews, that he could uſe the ſame ſublime and nervous ſtile as properly on a ſerious and heroic ſubject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous nature. We have ſaid before, at whoſe requeſt this was wrote; though he would willingly have declined that undertaking, had not the powerful incitements of his friends prevailed upon him, to give up his modeſty

* See Mr. Smith's Poem above-mentioned.

to their judgment. The exordium of this piece is a juſt alluſion to the beginning of the Æneid, (if that be Virgil's) and that of Spenſer's FAIRY QUEEN.

From low and abject themes, the grov'ling muſe
Now mounts aërial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's Hero;——

The ſpirit is kept on the ſame to the end; the whole being full of noble ſentiments, and majeſtic numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols; and not admitting of any rival, (except Mr. Addiſon's poem *) on the ſame occaſion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful imitation of Virgil, in his digreſſion upon the poetical Elizium, where the famous——Tu Marcellus eris——is ſo happily tranſlated and applied, that it ſhews the ſpirit of Virgil better than all the labours of his commentators: there, ſpeaking of the late marquiſs of Blandford, he ſays;

Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,
Shouldſt CHURCHILL be!——

The addreſſes to his patrons are very fine and artificial: the firſt, juſt and proper; and the latter

* The Campaign.

of Engliſh Memmius, exactly appoſite to him, to whom all the polite part of mankind agree, in applying that of the Roman ;

——Quem tu dea tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.

As to his CYDER, it is one (if not the only) finiſhed poem, of that length, extant in our language; the foundation of that work was laid, and the firſt book compoſed at Oxford; the ſecond, for was the moſt part, in town. He determined to the choice of that ſubject, by the violent paſſion he had to do ſome honour to his native country; and has therefore exerted all the powers of genius and art to make it complete. It is founded upon the model of VIRGIL'S GEORGICS; and comes the neareſt of any other, to that admirable poem, which the critics prefer to the divine Æneid. Yet, though it is eaſy to diſcern who was his guide in that difficult way, we may obſerve, that he comes after rather like a purſuer, than a follower, not tracing him ſtep after ſtep, but choſing thoſe paths in which he might eaſieſt overtake him. All his imitations are far from being ſervile, though ſometimes very cloſe; at other times, he brings in a new variety, and entertains us with ſcenes more unexpected

and pleaſing, perhaps, than his maſters themſelves were to thoſe who firſt ſaw that work. The conduct and management are ſuperior to all other copyers of that original; and, even the admired Rapin is much below him, both in deſign and ſucceſs; for the Frenchman either fills his gardens with the idle fables of antiquity, or new transformations of his own; and has, in contradiction to his own rules of criticiſm, judiciouſly blended the ſerious and ſublime ſtyle of Virgil, with the elegant turns of Ovid in his Metamorphoſes. Nor has the great genius of Mr. Cowley ſucceeded better in his books of Plants, who, beſides the ſame faults with the former, is continually varying his numbers from one ſort of verſe to another, and alluding to remote hints of medicinal writers, which, though allowed to be uſeful, are yet ſo numerous, that they flatten the dignity of the verſe, and ſink it from a poem to a treatiſe of phyſic. It is not out of envy to the merit of theſe great men (and who will ever be ſuch in ſpite of envy) that we take notice of theſe miſtakes, but only to ſhew the judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the ſame. Whatever ſcenes he preſents us with, appear delicate and charming; the philoſophical touches ſurprize, the moral inſtruct, and the

gay deſcriptions tranſport the reader. Sometimes he opens the bowels of the earth; at others, he paints its ſurface; ſometimes he dwells upon its lower products, and fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more ſtately plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent pleaſures of its inhabitants. Here we are taught the nature and variety of ſoils; there the difference of vegetables, the ſports of a rural, the retirement of a contemplative life, the working genius of the huſbandman, the induſtry of the mechanic, contribute as much to diverſify, as the due praiſes of exalted patriots, heroes, and ſtateſmen, to raiſe and ennoble the poetry. The change of ſeaſons, and their diſtinctions, introduced by the riſing and ſetting of the ſtars, the effects of heat, cold, ſhowers, and tempeſts, are in their ſeveral places very ornamental, and their deſcriptions inferior only to thoſe of Virgil.

It would be difficult, as well as uſeleſs, to give particular inſtances of his imitations of the laſt mentioned poet: men of taſte and learning will themſelves obſerve them with pleaſure; and it would be to no purpoſe to quote them to the illiterate: to the one, it would be a ſort of an affront; to the other, but an inſipid entertainment. Milton, we are informed, could repeat the beſt

part of Homer; and the perſon, of whom we write, could do the ſame of Virgil, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the variety of his numbers. This alone ought to be a ſufficient anſwer to thoſe who wiſh this poem had been wrote in rhime, ſince then it muſt have loſt half its beauties; it being impoſſible, but that the ſame undiſtinguiſhable tenour of verſification, and returns of cloſe, ſhould make it very unharmonious to a judicious and muſical ear. The beſt judges of our nation have given their opinions againſt rhime, even they, who uſed it with the greateſt admiration and ſucceſs, could not forbear condemning the practice. I am not ignorant, to what a height ſome modern writers have carried this art, and adapted it to expreſs the moſt ſublime ideas; yet this has been in much ſhorter poems than the preſent; and I doubt not but the ſame perſons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like occaſion. I ſhall not ſo far enter into the diſpute concerning the preference of theſe different manners of writing, as to ſtate and anſwer the objections on each ſide. It is true, Mr. Dryden thought that Milton's choice of blank verſe proceeded from his inability to rhime well; and, as good a reaſon might eaſily be given for his own choice; it being certain, he had the

perfect art and myſtery of one, and could have been but ſecond in the other.

However, we leave this queſtion to be decided by thoſe, whoſe ſtudies and deſigns to excel in poetry may oblige them to a more exact enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a diſreputation to Mr. Philips, that he did not write in rhime, than it is to Virgil, that he has not compoſed odes or elegies. The bent of our genius is what we ought to purſue; and if we anſwer our deſigns in that, it is ſufficient. The critics would make a man laugh, to hear ~~him~~ them gravely diſputing from little hints of thoſe authors, whether Virgil could not have wrote better ſatires, or Horace a good epic poem.

But to return from this digreſſion to my deſign, I would not have it thought that I preſume to make a criticiſm upon the works of our author, or thoſe of others. Theſe are only the ſentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his memory, for whoſe ſake they were written. I ſhall add but one remark more upon this ſubject, which is the great difficulty of making our Engliſh names of plants, ſoils, animals, and inſtruments, ſhine in verſe: there are hardly any of thoſe, which, in

the Latin tongue, are not in themſelves beautiful and expreſſive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debaſe than exalt the ſtile. And yet, I know not by what art of the poet, theſe words, though in themſelves mean and low, ſeem not to ſink the dignity of his ſtile, but became their places as well as thoſe of a better and more harmonious ſound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice, that the two books are addreſſed to two gentlemen, of whom it is enough to ſay, that they were Mr. Philips's friends and favourers, and whoſe characters, without the help of a weaker hand, will be tranſmitted to poſterity. Nor muſt we omit that ſignal honour which this piece received after his deceaſe, in being tranſlated into Italian by a nobleman of Florence, an honour which the great Boileau was proud his art of poetry obtained, in a language of much leſs delicacy and politeneſs *. It may be ſome pleaſure to obſerve the turn which Mr. Smith gives this paſſage in the following verſes †:

* Monſieur Boileau's ART OF POETRY was tranſlated into Portugueſe by the count de Ericeyra.

† See Mr. Smith's Poem on his death.

See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
By turns on Coſmo, and the bard attend:
Rich in the coins and buſts of antient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern as tranſlate.

All that we have left more of this poet is a Latin Ode, inſcribed to the honourable Henry Saint John, Eſq; late lord Bolingbroke, which is certainly a maſter-piece: the ſtile is pure and elegant, the ſubject of a mixed nature, reſembling the ſublime ſpirit, and gay facetious humour of Horace. From this we may form a judgment, that his writings in that language were not inferior to thoſe he has left us in our own; and as Horace was one of his darling authors, we need not queſtion his ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admired Virgil.

By all the enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very ſolicitous about them, being convinced that theſe are all which he finiſhed, and it would be an injury to his aſhes to print any

imperfect ſketches which he never deſigned for the public. It might, perhaps, pleaſe ſome to ſee the firſt eſſays of a great genius, but conſidering how apt we are to impoſe upon ourſelves and others in matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the reputation of the writer for the fancy of the reader. It is a ſilly vanity that ſome men have delighted in, of informing the world how young they were when they compoſed ſome particular pieces; if they were not good, it is no matter at what age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great chance, if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themſelves.

We have almoſt as little to ſay in reſpect of our author's farther deſigns, only that we are aſſured by his friends, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Reſurrection, and the Day of Judgment, in which it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own performances. That ſubject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that ſolemn ſtile which he makes uſe of, and by one whoſe juſt notions of religion, and true ſpirit of poetry, could have carried his reader, without a wild enthuſiaſm,

—Extra flammantia maenia mundi. LUCRET.

Milton has given a few fine touches upon the ſame; but ſtill there remains an inexhauſtible ſtore of materials to be drawn from the prophets, the pſalmiſts, and the other inſpired writers, which, in his poetical dreſs, might, without the falſe boaſting of old poets, have endured to the DAY that it deſcribed. The meaneſt ſoul, and the loweſt imagination, cannot think of that time, and the deſcriptions we meet with of it in holy writ, without the greateſt emotion, and the deepeſt impreſſion. What then might we not expect from the believing heart of a good man, and the regulated flights and raptures of an excellent Chriſtian poet? His friend, Mr. Smith, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion; and as he was a better judge of the ſcheme which he had laid down, and probably had ſeen the firſt rudiments of his deſign, we ſhall finiſh this head with his verſes on that occaſion:

O! had relenting heaven prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread;
How op'ning heavens their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below.

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And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below.

Well might he ſing the DAY he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Thoſe who have had either any knowlege of his perſon, or reliſh of his compoſitions, will eaſily agree in the judgment here given, as the generality of men of ſenſe and learning have already done in reſpect of thoſe which he lived to publiſh. For my part, I never heard but of one * who took it in his head to cenſure his writings; and it is no great compliment to his judgment, that he has the honour to ſtand alone in that reflection. It were eaſy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blaſt the fruits of his latter ſpring, † by comparing them with the crudities of the firſt. That ſatire upon our author has, with its other brethren, been dead long ſince; and, I believe, the world would have quite forgot that ever it had had any being, had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a ‡ work of a more durable nature.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† CREATION. A Poem.

‡ His poem to the memory of Mr. PHILIPS.

N. B. There was alſo a very ſilly anonymous piece wrote againſt Mr. Philips' CYDER, called MILTON'S SUBLIMITY ASSERTED, etc. but it died in the birth, or might be rather ſaid to be ſtill-born, 1709.

However, though there is this one unjuſt exception to his writings, there is none to his life, which was diſtinguiſhed by a natural goodneſs, a well-grounded and unaffected piety, an univerſal charity, and a ſteady adherence to his principles. No one obſerved the natural and civil duties of life with a ſtricter regard, whether thoſe of a ſon, a friend, or a member of a ſociety; and he had the happineſs to fill every one of theſe parts, without even the ſuſpicion either of undutifulneſs, inſincerity, or diſrepect. Thus he continued to the laſt, not owing his virtues to the happineſs of his conſtitution, but the frame of his mind; inſomuch that during a long and lingering ſickneſs, which is apt to ruffle the ſmootheſt temper, he never betrayed any diſcontent or uneaſineſs, the integrity of his heart ſtill preſerved the cheerfulneſs of his ſpirits. And if his friends had meaſured their hopes of his life only by his unconcernedneſs in his ſickneſs, they could not but conclude, that either his date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering conſumption, attended with an aſthma; and the ſummer before he died, by the advice of his phyſicians, he went to the Bath, where, although he

had the assistance of the ablest of the faculty, by whom he was generally beloved, he only got some present ease; and returned from thence, but with small hopes of a recovery; and, upon the relapse of his distempers, he died at Hereford the 15th of February ensuing, Anno 1708.

He was interred in that cathedral; and the following inscription is upon his grave-stone,

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Aetat. suae 32.

Cujus
Ossas si requiras, hanc urnam inspice,
Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera consule,
Si tumulum desideras, templum adi Westmonasterience.
Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et praeclara;
Quae conotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga cognatos pius et officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A Maria Philips matre ipsius pientissima,
Dilecti filii memoriae non sine lacrymis dicatum.

The monument referred to at Weſtminſter, in the foregoing inſcription, ſtands between thoſe of Chaucer and Drayton, and was erected to his memory by Sir Simon Harcourt, late lord chancellor; an honour ſo much the greater, as proceeding from one, who knew as well how to diſtinguiſh men, as excel them, and dealt out the marks of his reſpect as impartially as he did the awards of his juſtice. The epitaph was written by biſhop Atterbury, in a ſpirit and ſtile peculiar to his compoſitions, viz.

Herefordiae conduntur oſſa,
Hoc in delubro ſtatuitur imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui viris bonis doctiſque juxta charus,
Immortale ſuum ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximia morum ſimplicitate,
Honeſtavit.
Literarum amoeniorum ſitim,
Quam Wintoniae puer ſentire coeperat,
Inter Aedis Chriſti alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo muſarum domicilio
Preclaris aemulorum ſtudiis excitatus,
Optimis ſcribendi magiſtris ſemper intentus,

Carmina ſermone patrio compoſuit
A Graecis Latiniſque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romaniſque auribus omnino digna,
Verſuum quippe harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipſas apto prorſus, et attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus
Non clauſularum ſimiliter cadentium ſono
Metiri;
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono ſecundus.
Primoque poene par.
Res ſeu tenues, ſeu grandes, ſeu mediocres
Ornandas ſumpſerat,
Nuſquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et affecutus eſt,
Egregius, quocunque ſtylum verteret,
Fandi auctor, modorum artifex.
Fas ſit huic,
Auſo licet a tua metrorum lege diſcedere
O poeſis Anglicanae pater, atque conditor Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe cineres, tuos undique ſtipantium
Non dedicebit chorum.
SIMON HARCOURT miles,
Viri bene de ſe, deque literis meriti
Quoad viveret, fautor,
Poſt obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi ſaxum poni voluit.

J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi Salop, filius; natus eſt Bamptoniae in agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit Herefordiae. Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much we have thought proper to ſpeak of the life and character of Mr Philips; following truth in every part, and endeavouring to make both him, and his writings, an example to others; or, if that cannot be attained through our own defect, at leaſt to ſhew, that a good poet and a good man are not names always inconſiſtent.

GEO. SEWELL.

O D E

AD

HENRICUM ST. JOHN, Armig.

I.

O Qui reciſae finibus Indicis
Benignus herbae, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, et ſuaveolentes
Saepe tubis iterare fumos ;

II.

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiumque, ſoles :

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,
Pimplaea, carmen, deſideſque
Ad numeros, age, tende, chordas.

IV.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Qua cygniformes per liquidum aethera,
Te, diva, vim praebente, vates
Explicuit Venuſinus alas :

V.

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum, trucem.
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, Cyrrhaeis Hetruſcum
Rite beans equitem ſub antris.

VI.

At non Lyaei vis generoſior
Affluxit illi ; ſaepe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſaepe Chiae
Munera, laetitiamque teſtae.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum ; ſed nec amantior,

Nec charus aequè, O! quae medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus.

VIII.

Pertentat, ut teque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſae
Cultor, et uſque colende muſis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus aegre ſpiritus, illa
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus,

X.

Alte petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta plane, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuaeque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvae.

XI.

Hanc ſumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem, quin precor, optima
Ut uſque conjux ſoſpitetur.
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militiae super
Rebus togatum. Macte! Tori decus
Formosa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!
Tu ſorte felix; me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quae me ſidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuae
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro; nec jam vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, ſumi.

AN

ODE

TO

HENRY St. JOHN, Esq.

Translated by Thomas Newcomb, A. M.

I.

O Thou from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb * prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bole,
I suck new life into my soul.

* Tobacco.

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue
And waſh away the thirſty pain,
With wines, whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies.

III.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers Phœbus does inſpire,
That ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwan did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;
The muſe invoking to indue
With ſtrength, his pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great beauty's praise,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chuse, the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose;
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs,
Maecenas listens while he sings.

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
His muse, or music to inspire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coast
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire:
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

VII.

Maecenas deign'd to hear his songs,
His muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
O! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring:
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing.
The muſes' favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give,

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
Which feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſk my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

XII.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles,
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells?
Not love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor Venus' ſelf ſo much excels;
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair?

XIV.

* Maria's form as I ſurvey,
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart.
And chacing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return:
Yet for the lov'd relentleſs fair
By night I wake, by day I burn.
Nor can thy gift ſoft ſleep ſupply,
Or ſoothe my pains, or cloſe my eye.

* Mrs. MARY MEERS, daughter to the principal of Brazen-noſe.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING:

AN IMITATION OF MILTON.

——Sing, heavenly muſe,
Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken, or in leathern, purſe retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,

To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regal chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, faithful soil!

* Two noted ale-houses in Oxford.

Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men;) behind him ſtalks
Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay

Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the brazzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings,
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;

Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thonghts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant fantom curſe.

Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,

Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and incroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice,
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a rock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crouding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears.
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

BLEINHEIM:

A

POEM,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley! (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with every art
Thy self adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the muses seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the muse shall sing.
Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroul'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force

Opponent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt Seſoſtris, (proud Ægyptian king,
That monarchs harnaſs'd to his chariot yokt,
(Baſe ſervitude !) and his dethron'd compeers
Laſh'd furious ; they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway : for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war ;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly aſſay'd
To curb his power enormous ; like an oak
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs rore, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores :
So ſtood he, and alone ; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee choſe,
Thee, Churchill ! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air,
And other climes, where diff'rent food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers ; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unſtruck with horror at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges black, high ſtretching hills,
All white with ſummer ſnows. They go beyond

The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement, Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of queens:) he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to region far remote
His care extends, and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wiſh'd approach,
The Germans hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouſe. Not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with froſts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keeneſt breath,
Under the polar bear, inclement ſky,
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom. Gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rank'd
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful ſword alone

Germania, and the Belgic coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great ANNE
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide,
When thee ſh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt; her hand
Aſſures good omens, and ſaint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits:
Immediate ſieges, and the tire of war
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts then did Albion hope
From thy atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke; O friend! obſerve,
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate
Their maws with full repaſt! Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;
What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge

Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay him flying with retentive gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial price
Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
To lead him ſhackled, and expoſe to ſcorn
Of gath'ring crouds the Briton's boaſted chief.
Thus they, in ſportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces expreſs'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? why
Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid
Your eaſy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way,
Safe of acceſs. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! that boaſt
He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Britanny, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry: O hapleſs fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobations falſe
Of cowardice; the military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either ſide the trumpet blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.

The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar, and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,
Where ſtern Bellona, with one final ſtroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandiſhing his Noric blade,
Beſt temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Preſumptuous comes: here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Engene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrible flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermix'd with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surprizing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connext, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks beſtrow
Th' enſanguin'd field; with latent miſchief ſtor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt.

A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe, and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus thro' each army death, in various ſhapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat: as when two adverſe winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock, the ruffled brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage;
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtrife.

So they, incens'd: 'till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe his ſlaught'ring arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes, and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: deſtruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd
Deſcrying from afar ſome engineer,

Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope (for deſtiny withſtood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer; round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows,
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life
Expoſe the Britiſh ſafety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Deſpoils him, if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted——Swift, and fierce
As wintry ſtorm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks; (ſo Ajax interpos'd
His ſeven-fold ſhield, and ſkreen'd Laertes' ſon,
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the inſulting Trojans urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears:) unmanly dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtraight their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in their ſwift retreat confide,

Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do? or, how
Withſtand his wide deſtroying ſword? or where
Find ſhelter thus repuls'd? Behind with wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' eager Engliſh champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls,
His current ſwift the Danube, vaſt, and deep,
Supream of rivers; to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulſive arms, ſoon as they reach'd,
New horror chill'd their veins; devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt diſcomfited,
And puſh'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood:
Bands, numerous as the Memphian ſoldiery
That ſwell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great command. Upbore
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore;
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outragious fluent: in this diſtreſs
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome, tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain; vain love, tho' laudable! abſorpt
By a fierce eddy, they together ſound

The vaſt profundity; their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge, with fruitleſs toil: ſurcharg'd,
And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unuſual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of Paraba, Braſilian ſtream; her tail
Of vaſt extenſion, from her watry den,
A griſly Hydra ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd invenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirles; th' unweeting prey
Entwiſted roars, the parted wave rebounds.
Nor did the Britiſh ſquadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt element a ſcorching death,
Pierc'd ſinking; ſhrouded in a duſky cloud
The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamian Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling Trojans: Nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, reſcu'd harraſt pow'rs
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay, he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when, in union firm
Embody'd, they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd;
He the proud boaſters ſent, with ſtern aſſault,
Down to the realms of night The Britiſh ſouls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heav'nly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crouding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants: They roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, themſelves
Accuſing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee,
Thro' the dun miſt, in blooming beauty freſh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late conqueſts; one, to empire born,
Egregious prince! whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; thou, his aſſociate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,

Shouldſt Churchill be! but heaven ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! Them the Gallic ſhades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace,
Delighted; 'till, in one, their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mein,
And correſponding features fair; to them
Confuſion! ſtraight the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O muſe! the ſadly pleaſing theme
Leave, with theſe dark abodes, and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air where triumphs wait
The conqu'ror, and ſav'd nations joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation; ſtruggling crouds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the Britiſh guide, of ſight
Inſatiate, whilſt his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See,
How Pruſſia's king tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt; to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great deliverer; and courts t' accept

Of titles, with ſuperior modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns; deſpair, and fear
Now firſt he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extreme,
Diſtract his ſoul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various ſounding wire, beſt taught to claim
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt.
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe
Torment the Boian prince? From native ſoil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh,
With whom he muſt contend? Encount'ring fierce
The Solymaean ſultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counſel raſh, new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy prince! (no more a prince) he ſees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief

Of him, he once defy'd. O deſtitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant ill-aſpiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, thro' thy default,
Riſe hilly, with large piles of ſlaughter'd knights,
Beſt men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their prince,
Tho faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd:
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous, deſolation reigns,
And emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan ſtrole around
The deſart wide; with oft retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of manſions, once their own (now loathſome haunts
Of birds obſcene,) bewailing loud the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By heaven propitious, bleſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbour's miſeries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with nature's choiceſt gifts,
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear,
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony

Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife;
From different climes the flower of youth deſcends
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic, or Auſtrian; havoc dire enſues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait,
'Till rigid conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild Latian ſhore: what ſighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! How many widows curſe
His cleaving faulchion! Fertile ſoil in vain!
What do thy paſtures, or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harveſt immature?
See, with what outrage from the froſty north,
The early valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In batailous array, while Volga's ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual ſlaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for ſway? Unhappy nation, leſt
Thus free of choice! The Engliſh undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom heaven ordains ſupreme, with rev'rence due,

Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure.
From ſcepter'd kings, in long deſcent deriv'd,
Thou Anna ruleſt, prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitreſs, declining thrones, and powers,
Sue for relief; thou bid'ſt thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'ſt in charge
To Rook, that he ſhould let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t' aſſert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navy impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reſerv'd by fate, to grace
The new-born age; what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptuue ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound,
Heſperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
Mountain ſublime, that caſts a ſhade of length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties

Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious ; let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd, where juſtice fails.
Thou with thy own content, not for thyſelf,
Subdueſt regions ; generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage ; nought to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.

Auſpicious Queen ! ſince in thy realms ſecure
Of peace, thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd ; ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire.
Reciprocally ruinous ; ſay who
Shall weild th' Heſperian, who the Poliſh ſword,
By thy decree ; the trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice, obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
Make them remember Bleinheim with regret.

Thus ſhall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy pow'r, and juſtice ; jealouſies and fears,
And hate infernal baniſh'd ſhall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coaſts,
Or Tartary, engend'ring diſcords fell
Among the enemies of truth ; while arts

Pacific, and inviolable love
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail Saturnian days
Returning! In perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head; ye happy days,
By her reſtor'd, her juſt deſigns compleat,
And, mildly on her ſhining, bleſs the world!
Thus from the noiſy croud exempt, with eaſe,
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves;
Sweet ſolitude! where warb'ling birds provoke
The ſilent muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of Saint John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, * no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell; but when return'd
Conſummate peace ſhall rear her chearful head,
Then ſhall his Churchill in ſublimer verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn,
From ſuch a Chief to fight, and Bard to ſing.

* He was then ſecretary of war

CYDER.

BOOK I.

——*Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* VIRG.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona! in Miltonian verſe
Adventrous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious heaven thoſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays; nor hence diſdain to learn,
How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moyſtin! whoſe benevolence,
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into duſt, and I become

As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend.
Who-e'er expects his lab'ring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern; to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills,
That intercept the Hyperborean blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Naught fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender ſeeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Heſperian fruits, and wafts their odours ſweet
Wide thro' the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But, when the black'ning clouds in ſprinkling ſhow'rs
Diſtiil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture chear'd,
The orchats ſmile; joyous the farmers ſee
Their thriving plants, and bleſs the heavenly dew.
Next, let the planter, with diſcretion meet,
The force and genius of each ſoil explore;
To what adapted, what it ſhuns averſe:
Without this neceſſary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes

Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, moſt ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce: pleaſing to ſight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So nature has decreed; ſo, oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate, leſs, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the ſable ground expect ſucceſs,
Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune:
The muſt, of pallid hue, declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs diſtreſs'd, he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholſome draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that ſoil ſelect
For apples; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd, ſhall burſt; thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy fault'ring tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, ſuch Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome! and Caple ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals: long counubial joys

He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——Oh! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcely hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbours bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates! If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous heaven may fix the wand'ring glebe.

But if (for nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil shou'd be with held;
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.

This naught is useless made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the the barren heath
The shepherd tends his stock, that daily crop

Their vardant dinner from the mossie turf,
Sufficient; after them the crackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Even on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fat'ning muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But, when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native property again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, despond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,

Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting; elſe, falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchats ſmile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſwelt'ring they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoaky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then wo to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names unknown,
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reigns far and near; grim death, in different ſhapes,
Depopulates the nations, thouſands fall
His victims, youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves

Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heaven deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood, and worth,
O faireſt St. John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers, the relentleſs hand
Of death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemp'rate force
To know, attend; whilſt I of antient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulſt
By the wide yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre enclos'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world ſubdu'd,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires, and citadels, the ſeat
Of kings, and heroes reſolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontroul'd and free,
'Till all-ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, tho' to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and even till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of antient Britiſh art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd

Than what from Attic, or Etruſcan hands
Aroſe; had not the heavenly powers averſe
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirſt, Aquarius had not ſhed
His wonted ſhowers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solſtitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarean dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a well built city, deem'd
Impregnable; th' infernal winds, 'till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full ſtrength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Unheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeats; old Vaga's ſtream.
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Crankling her banks: and now the low'ring ſky,
And baleful light'ning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmaid
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they turn
Diſtreſs'd? whence ſeek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and even fate ſupreme gives ſigns
Of wrath and deſolation? Vain were vows,

And plaints, and ſuppliant hands, to heaven erect!
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humbler rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantic mood,
Run howling thro' the ſtreets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; horror ſtalks a round,
Wild-ſtaring, and, his ſad concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and too eager of eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to and fro, they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm; profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs night. Mean-while, the looſen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; 'till, all their force
Conſum'd, her rav'nous jaws th' earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite, ſave coins, and mould'ring urns,
And huge unweildy bones, laſting remains

Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome ſtood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recals the devious muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd labours to purſue.

The prudent will obſerve, what paſſions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, nature gave
Love, and averſion): everlaſting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Coleworts rankneſs; but, with amorous twine,
Claſps the tall Elm: the Pæſtan Roſe unfolds
Her bud, more lovely, near the fetid Leek
(Creſt of ſtout Britons!) and inhances thence
The price of her celeſtial ſcent: the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumer, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contact; while the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and th' Elder's pithy ſtem,
Uneaſy, ſeated by funereal Yeugh,

Of Walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore, weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Wouldſt thou, thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould froth?
Reſpect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholeſome draught,
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A cyon meetly ſever; after, force
A way unto the crabſtock's cloſe-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Encloſe the foſter twig; nor over-nice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil; now he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth; now ſhake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambroſial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
Its feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cyder-plants find paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,
This doubtful progeny by niceſt taſtes

Expected beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the orchat-lord.
Some think, the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-ſtem bearing ſylvan plumbs auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? Howe'er, what loſs
To try the pow'rs of both, and ſearch how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange off-ſpring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of ſundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that pleaſe
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's muſe,
Thrice ſacred muſe! commodious precepts gives
Inſtructive to the ſwains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels: ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth through ſtorms, and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: then ſhe deſcribes
The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing

How under ground the rude Riphœan race
Mimic briſk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, hips, and Servis' harſheſt juice.
Let ſage experience teach us all the arts
Of grafting, and in-eying; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees anſwer beſt
From root, or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt, and ſeed-time declare; by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,
And ſecret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The Indian weed, unknown to antient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleaſantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd ſongs.
She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of nature's hand
Leaſt animal: and ſhews, what laws of life
The cheeſe-inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabric their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! But the hidden ways

Of nature wouldſt thou know? How firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well-diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd; thou't wond'ring ſay,
An inmate orchart ev'ry apple boaſts.
Thus all things by experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way, or rule,
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar
Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live long day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor, at ſhut of eve,
Enjoy repoſe; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this care
Diſturbs me ſlumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf? and rather chuſe
To lye ſupinely, hoping heaven will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the ſtork, ſworn-foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades

Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever: for the genial moiſture, due
To apples, otherwiſe miſpends itſelf
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Naught but vain ſhoots, and empty leaves abound.
When ſwelling buds their od'rous foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wiſe
Spare not the little off-ſpring, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging cluſters thin
By kind avulſion: elſe, the ſtarv'ling brood,
Void of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
A ſlender autumn; which the niggard ſoul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
That would not timely eaſe the pond'rous boughs
It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From ſpray, to ſpray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the falſe terrors of a breathleſs kite.
This done, the timorous flock with ſwifteſt wing
Scud through the air; their fancy repreſents
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft invade
Thy firm incloſure, and with delving ſnout

The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious maſtiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſe-bearing ſnails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracts
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cyder drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbic draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſtring hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repulſt, again
They rally, undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſom ſwarms; let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viſcous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding ſip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'erſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, 'till death

Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls; ſuch doom
Waits luxury, and lawleſs love of gain!
  Howe'er thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will pervail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the center pierce
Of fierceſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant! and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; mean-while the apple outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen mouth, and ſpattering noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſh'd; not with leſs ſurprize, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface; whilſt the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In firy whirles; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloft expire.
  Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phœacian iſle, from whence,
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burniſh'd o'er with gold, the Moſe
Of ſweeteſt hony'd taſte, the fair Permain,

Temper'd, like comelieſt nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the Ottley: be thou firſt
This apple to tranſplant; if to the name
It's merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the Eliot leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whoſe wither'd rind, entrencht
With many a furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid age; nor that from Harvey nam'd
Quick-reliſhing; why ſhould we ſing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruſſet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth; for various uſe
Tho' theſe are meet, tho' after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich deſert?
What, tho' the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconium products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branched arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent dog
Averſe to life; the wintry hurricanes
In vain imploy their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe,
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe, and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.

Be it thy choice, when ſummer-heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids: oh! how ſweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hoſpitable ſhade!

But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The Muſk's ſurpaſſing worth! that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy off-ſpring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold ſyderal blaſts!
Yet let her to the Red-ſtreak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, 'till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the Scudamorean plant; whoſe wine
Who-ever taſtes, let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient royal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The Red ſtreak as ſupreme; whoſe pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primaeval interdicted plant, that won
Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte, and die.

This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly muſe
Kindles to loftly ſtrains; even I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſie, whilſt, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praiſes, I exalt.
Hail, Herefordian plant, thou doſt diſdain
All other fields! heaven's ſweeteſt bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and ſport, and care beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere, and mix'd,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? Why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or Latin grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near Calpe's tow'ring height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Leſbian vines
Vaunt their rich muſt, nor let Tokay contend
For ſov'ranty; Phanæus ſelf muſt bow
To th' Ariconian vales: and ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The ſoil lye idle, which, with fit manure,
With largeſt uſury repay, alone
Impower'd to ſupply what nature aſks

Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots, th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore
Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind
Tranſporting proſpect! theſe, as modern uſe
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compoſe,
Wholeſome, of deathleſs fame. Here, to the ſight,
Apples of price, and plenteous ſheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; ſo rich the ſoil,
So much does fructuous moiſture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whoſe tops
To heaven aſpire, affording proſpect ſweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing herd
Chews verd'rous paſture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily, enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleaſing, as when an Emerald green enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright maſs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to ſight.
Next add the Sylvan ſhades, and ſilent groves,

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the hearth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the ſturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by ſweating peaſants fell'd,
Stems the vaſt main, and bears tremendous war
To diſtant nations, or with ſov'ran ſway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why ſhould the Chalybes, or Bilboa boaſt
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our ſafron odours? Or the fleece
Bœtic, or fineſt Tarentine, compare
With Lemſter's ſilken wool? Where ſhall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life: In ancient days,
The Roman legions, and great Cæſar found
Our fathers no mean foes; and Creſſy plains,
And Agincourt deep-ting'd with blood, confeſs
What the Silures vigour unwithſtood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-waſting hand, firſt garter'd knight,
Puiſſant author of great Chandois' ſtem,
High Chandois, that tranſmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient proweſs, and renown,
T'his noble off ſpring. O thrice happy peer!
That, bleſt with hoary vigour, view'ſt thy ſelf
Freſh blooming in thy generous ſon; whoſe lips
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,

Charm the wiſe ſenate, and attention win
In deepeſt councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her choſen worthy, firſt ſalutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic ſhore,
Him hardy Britons bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee alſo, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls: yet ſhe endures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the muſe's faireſt ſeat,
Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowlege ſtill ſupplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts inſtils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: By his genius led,
Thou ſoon in every art pre-eminent
Shall grace this iſle, and riſe to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurſe of arts
And men, from whence conſpicuous patriots ſpring,
Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Reſpect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred off-ſpring; be for ever bleſs'd
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, ſuch a race of men produce,

As, in the caſe of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods! this vow
From one, the meaneſt in her numerous train;
Tho' meaneſt, not leaſt ſtudious of her praiſe.
Muſe! raiſe thy voice to Beaufort's ſportleſs ſame,
To Beaufort's in a long deſcent deriv'd
From royal anceſtry, of kingly rights
Faithful aſſerters: In him centring meet
Their glorious virtues, high deſert from pride
Disjoin'd, unſhaken honour, and contempt
Of ſtrong allurements. O illuſtrious prince!
O thou of antient faith! Exulting, thee,
In her fair liſt, this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuſe a tributary verſe
To Weymouth, firmeſt friend of ſlighted worth
In evil days? whoſe hoſpitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily gueſts; whoſe board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feaſt-rites old: mean while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of ſecret goodneſs, ſhuns the praiſe,
That ſure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will bounteous ſhine;
And with thy name to dignify my ſong.
But who is he, that on the winding ſtream
Of Vaga firſt drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's ſecret councils ſits,
Weighing the ſum of things, with wiſe forecaſt

Sollicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To old, or preſent times; yet not elate,
Not conſcious of its ſkill? what praiſe deſerves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing ſuit? O not unthankful muſe!
Him lowly reverence, that firſt deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and ſkreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues;
Acknowlege thy own Harley, and his name
Inſcribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
Will faſt increaſe, faſter thy juſt reſpect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or ſkill of peace, and war: of ſofter mold
The female ſex, with ſweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchleſs forms with tranſient glance
Catch ſudden love, and ſigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The Daedal hand of nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue moſt engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honeſt nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miſeries of age.
And is there found a wretch, ſo baſe a mind,
That woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,
Exacteſt work of heaven? he ill deſerves
Or love, or pity; friendleſs let him ſee

Uneaſy, tedious days, deſpis'd, forlorn,
As ſtain of human race: but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the females praiſe,
Find equal love, and love's untainted ſweets
Enjoy with honour. O, ye gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happieſt choice ſhould be
A fair, and modeſt virgin, that invites
With aſpect chaſte, forbidding looſe deſire,
Tenderly ſmiling, in whoſe heavenly eye
Sits pureſt love enthron'd: but if the ſtars
Malignant, theſe my better hopes oppoſe,
May I, at leaſt, the ſacred pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs, and anguiſh, by kind intercourſe
Of ſpeech, and offices. May in my mind
Indelible a grateful ſenſe remain
Of favours undeſerv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich, and low ſeek aid; moſt wiſe
Interpreter of right, whoſe gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reaſon; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchſaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd ſhades
I now had wander'd; and theſe empty thoughts
Of apples periſh'd: but, up-rais'd by thee,

I tune my pipe afreſh, each night, and day,
Thy unexampled goodneſs to extol
Deſirous; but nor night, nor day ſuffice
For that great taſk; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor muſt employ my willing thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and falſe diſſembling look,
And ſervile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts, and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
Of antient friendſhip, cancel nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gugaws. Some
Renounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
For rule, and power; and other's realms invade,
With ſpecious ſhews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his ſov'ran. Others deſtitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend,
By lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
To be ſtyl'd honourable: th' honeſt man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, though diſtreſs'd, he'll rove,
Then break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope
Will ſhock his ſtedfaſt ſoul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd;
He'll bear the marks of infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.

If no retinue with obſervant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple ſtain
Of cumbrous veſtments, labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazle the croud, and ſet them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conſcience, nor with ſpectre's griſly forms,
Daemons, and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day
Annoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds.
But (as a child, whoſe inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpoſe fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's ſweet refreſhment, humid ſleep, ſincere.
When chanticleer, with clarion ſhrill, recals
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race; or elſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and th' wholſome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not ſedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blaſt the fame
Of harmleſs men, or ſecret whiſpers ſpread,
'Mong faithful friends, to breed diſtruſt, and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life obſerves
Except his own, his own employs his cares,

Large ſubject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little ſtock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.
Thus ſacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
And baits of pompous Rome ſecure; at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honeſt life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himſelf:
Beſt poet! fit examplar for the tribe
Of Phoebus; nor leſs fit Maeonides,
Poor eyeleſs pilgrim! and if after theſe,
If after theſe another I may name,
Thus tender Spenſer liv'd, with mean repaſt
Content, depreſs'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm: yet not debas'd his verſe
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,
Oh, had but he that firſt ennobled ſong
With holy raptures, like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithleſs, ſtrictly faithful found,
Unpity'd, he ſhould not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd!
But he—However, let the muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his fame, from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferior ſtrains, grov'ling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, or plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower There let her reſt a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT! whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine ſnows, and now detains
In Italy's waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? Whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the reliques of old Rome; or what,
Unrival'd authors by their preſence, made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur, and Tuſculum, or Virgil's urn
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flow'rs;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth! return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's iſle with Latian knowlege grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of pre-eminence; ſee! how the cauſe

Of widows, and of orphans he aſſerts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footſteps, and, like him, deſerve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Mean while (altho' the Maſſic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the Britiſh vats
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the muſe,
That, paſſing lands, and ſeas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleaſing taſk remains,
To ſing of wines, and autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails
'Gainſt heaven? Oft, notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruit'ry ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind, fatigu'd,
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime, the deadly plague annoys
The wide incloſure; think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus diſappointed: if the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſtleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.

A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
'Till luſty autumn's luke-warm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours; autumn, to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and ſky-dy'd plums, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell;
Fat Olives, and Piſtacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's taſteful apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with grapes, whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks the unboſom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full-ag'd ſtore
Diffuſe ambroſial ſteams, than Myrrh, or Nard
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean!
Soft whiſp'ring airs, and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy times,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours. Inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forth with froſty blaſts deface
The blithſome year! trees of their ſhrivel'd fruits

Are widow'd, dreery ſtorms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a ſturdy poſt
Cylindric, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive, and a flexile ſallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a ſtrainer, to diſpart
The huſky, terrene dregs, from purer muſt.
Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find,
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vigorous horſe diſdains
Such ſervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unweildy ſtone; with ſober pace
He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
From early day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining, not unuſeful to his lord.

Some, when the preſs, by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine

With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eye,
Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Apple-Cheeſe, tho' quite exhauſt;
Even now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; nor vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks, muſt not neglected lye
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, ſubdu'd
By endleſs culture, with ſufficient muſt
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly: he no more
Deſir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
'Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outrageous, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cyder-groves: O'er-turn'd by furious blaſts,
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,

Nor curſe his ſtars; but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixture uſe, as ſome
With watry turneps have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe,
Although Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrength'ning Vulcan; with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient, other aid refuſe;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodneſs, that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty: This neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as over-took
A miſer, that unjuſtly once with-held
The clergy's due; relying on himſelf,
His fields he tended with ſucceſsleſs care,
Early, and late, when, or unwiſh'd for rain
Deſcended, or unſeaſonable froſts

Curb'd his increaſing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropt fatneſs, in the middle ſky
The dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be juſt, and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.
Learn, now, the promiſe of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering ſigns abus'd,
Thou wiſely may'ſt provide: The various moon
Prophetic, and attendant ſtars explain
Each riſing dawn; ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream, the heavenly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unſully'd: Now the fowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades
Offenſive to the birds, ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain
Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
O'er-takes their ſpeed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
The woodcocks early viſit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretell a liberal harveſt; he of times
Intelligent, th' harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his num'd blood. But nothing profits more

Than frequent ſnows: O, may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutricious! Secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the looſen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earneſt of happy years.
Now will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly ſtars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Upon each ſign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons ſome ſucculent plant
Allotted, that poor, helpleſs man might ſlack
His preſent thirſt, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Raſps ſupply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plums,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thiſbeian fruit
Are preſt to wines; the Britons ſqueeze the works
Of ſedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs
Prepare balſamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and ſhort breath'd, antient ſires.
But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'ſt brew;
Beſides the orchat, every hedge, and buſh,
Affords aſſiſtance; even afflictive Birch
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, diſtills

A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuſe of nurſing ſap. When ſolar beams
Parch thirſty human veins, the damaſkt meads,
Unforc'd, diſplay ten thouſand painted flowers
Uſeful in potables. Thy little ſons
Permit to range the paſtures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowſlip-poſies, faintly ſweet,
From whence thou artificial wines ſhalt drain
Of icy taſte, that, in mid fervors, beſt
Slack craving thirſt, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne! whoſe moſt wholeſome air
Poiſons envenom'd ſpiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper from her ſhore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miſcellaneous ſpices, and the root
For thirſt-abating ſweetneſs prais'd,) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Preſent redreſs, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, ſedulous, and ſtout,
With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or bliſsful cups
Of kernel-reliſh'd fluids, the fair ſtar
Of early Phoſphorus ſalute, at noon
Jocund with frequent riſing fumes! by uſe
Inſtructed, thus to quell their native flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of diſtant climes, remov'd
Far from the ſloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petſora, and Iſlandic coaſts,

Where ever-during ſnows, perpetual ſhades
Of darkneſs, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract, ſpontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intenſely ſervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt Brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids
Enabled to prevent the ſudden rot
Of freezing noſe, and quick-decaying feet.
Nor leſs the ſable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom ſunny Borneo bears, are ſtor'd with ſtreams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's ſpirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet ſhades, and Thraſcias' gales,
Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unleſs,
The cordial glaſs perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they cloſe their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often-interrupted ſleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry furr'd tongues, elſe minutely to death
Obnoxious, diſmal death, th'effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-ſprouting veſts arrays! Their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once

Celeſtial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemmon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous ſpirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine, ceaſeleſs draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilerating fount. As, when
Againſt a ſecret cliff, with ſuddain ſhock
A ſhip is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the ſea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mariners ay ply the pump,
No ſtay, nor reſt, 'till the wide breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, ſtill move
The draining ſucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry bowl forbids their pleaſing work.

But if to hording thou art bent, thy hopes
Are fruſtrate, ſhould'ſt thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The horded ſtore,
And the harſh draught, muſt twice endure the ſun's
Kind ſtrength'ning heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, ſweet Permain, the blended ſtreams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable medly, of what taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhow'ry arch,
With liſted colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules,
Delights, and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry brede, with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unſkill'd to tell

Or where one colour riſes, or one faints.
Some cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour; one ſort counterfeits
The Spaniſh product; this, to Gauls, has ſeem'd
The ſparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has ſwill'd his throat, and ſworn
Deluded, that imperial Rhine beſtow'd
The generous rummer, whilſt the owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his gueſts, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cyder-caſk.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of cloſs-preſt huſks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty ſoul; let none perſuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholſom, undigeſted cades:
The hoary froſts, and northern blaſts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to ſerene, and drive
Precipitant the baſer, ropy lees.
And now thy wine's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthly groſs, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuſe, leſt too ſoon disjoin'd
From ſprightly, it, to ſharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; ſelf-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Aſcending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject veſſels, lovely clear.

As when a moon-tide ſun, with ſummer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watry ſkirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undroſſy gold:
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd liquid ſhines.
Now alſo, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, ſpirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the ſubtle chymiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand, and aſhes, and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea,
That in his furnace bubbles ſunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurprizing cube, or ſphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plaſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve; the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year
Acquire compleat perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. Stirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy

Withſtood the Greeks) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honeſt men beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs: The third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by inchanted cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And thro' intemperance grow a while ſincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent, his land exhauſt permit
T' indulge a-while. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends, at thirſty hour of duſk,
Come un-invited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his ſmoaking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, while the humble cell
With quavering laugh, and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and content, and undiſſembled love
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Encreaſe their joy. As, from retentive cage
When ſullen Philomel eſcapes, her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong.

Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unſupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn
Domeſtic cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are ſhort, and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires, the flowing glaſſes add
Courage, and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his grape: the muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phoebus, with unmoiſten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd: with vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleaſant is't, beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of fev'riſh heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore,

Beware th' inclement heavens; nor let the hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy ling'ring blood
Nor inſtigate with th' apple's powerful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhowers, and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array, for ruſtic dance prepare,
Mix'd with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mein
Tranſported, and ſometimes, an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn,
And neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
Mean-while, blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among,
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands, in wond'rous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds, (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe, which erſt Laertes's ſon enclos'd.)
Peaceful they ſleep, but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of labouring elbow rouſe them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſpritely accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets, nor when ſpring

Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born year with loud acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now, when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt; when the Gnoſſian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually ſupplies
Their vault, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilerate their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: beyond, there's naught
Of health, or pleaſure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager ſoul
Prompts to purſue the ſparkling glaſs, be ſure
'Tis time to ſhun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation; forthwith reaſon quits
Her empire to confuſion, and miſrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs jargon, naught is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Diſtruſt and jealouſy to theſe ſucceed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit friendſhip. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles claſh
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mix'd Gore, and Cyder flow: what ſhall we ſay

Of raſh Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his ſurfeit by irriguous ſleep,
Imprudent? Him, death's iron-ſleep oppreſs'd,
Deſcending careleſs from his coach; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and ſpinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Inteſtine ſtone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the ſun with July-heats
Frys the ſcorch'd ſail, and dropſy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how with luſt, and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and ſpilt their drunken ſouls
At feaſting hour. Ye heav'nly pow'rs! that guard
The Britiſh iſle, ſuch dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from ſocial cups: may we, remote
From the hoarſe, brazen ſound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with ſeemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hoſpitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our ſword in native blood, too oft has pride,
And helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt
Of other's rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.

Have we forgot, how fell deſtruction rag'd
Wide-ſpreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? What heroes, ſignaliz'd
For royalty, and proweſs, met their fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! How Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granvill, dauntleſs ſons of Mars,
Fit themes of endleſs grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headſtrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith, or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
With ſeeming ſanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Inſtill'd by him, who firſt preſum'd t' oppoſe
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and inſulting pride,
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O beſt of kings!
What ſtars their black, diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhou'dſt fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme, and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe, thy mercy only would have ſav'd;
Yet was the Cyder-land unſtain'd with guilt;
The Cyder-land, obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe, diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into ſwords,

Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, 'till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings, and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur, multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal: For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd

By havoc, and diſmay, 'till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion: Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict ſtern:
'Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers.
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love; at eaſe, the bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods, and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in every eye: the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe, heroic kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.
See lyon-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north, to Jury's hallow'd plains!
Piouſly valiant, (like a torrent ſwell'd
With wantry tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle; and o'er-threw
Whate'er withſtood his zealous rage; no pauſe,
No ſtay of ſlaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds

Mangled behind: the Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite,
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
Behold third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right with-held,
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent Gauls!
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts: Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' off-ſpring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce; the mighty force
Of Edward, twice o'erturn'd their deſperate king.
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior ſtrength,
Diſcomfited; purſu'd, in the ſad chaſe
Ten thouſands ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float: great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad ſhield emboſs'd. [tongues
Thrice glorious prince! whom fame with all her
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins
New authors of diſſention ſpring; from him
Two branches, that in hoſting long contend
For ſov'ran ſway; (and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds!) but little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd

To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge: Now horrid ſlaughter reigns;
Sons againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood, the twanging bows
Sent ſhowers of ſhafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and peaſants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſt: with diſmal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected: ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock, lye gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers; horror thus,
And wild uproar, and deſolation reign'd
Unreſpited: ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? What man has fate
Reſerv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foreſaw! Thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of Janus, and remove
Deſtructive diſcord: now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor ſhrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy, and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own uniteſt Fergus' line

By wiſe alliance; from thee James deſcends,
Heaven's choſen fav'rite, firſt Britannic king.
To him alone, hereditary right
Gave power ſupreme; yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remain'd
Of diſcontent; two nations under one,
In laws and int'reſt diverſe, ſtill purſu'd
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, 'till prudent Anna ſaid
Let there be UNION; ſtrait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws, and government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from Dubris ſouth,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
What ſhall retard the Britons bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force; in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe! At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmoſt Thule; uncontroul'd
The Britiſh navy thro the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double croſs, t' extremeſt climes
Terrific, and return with odorous ſpoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric gold: mean-while the ſwains

Shall unmoleſted reap, what plenty ſtrows
From well ſtor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant, flowing in well blended ſtreams,
The natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where-e'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, Silurian Cyder borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

THE END.

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